ALEXANDER M. GORMAN.

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Original Papers.

MABEL HAZELET.

BY EPPIE GRAHAM.

CHAPTER L. round her soft and sweet. Amels' pinions lightly meet;
While the evening shadows gide
Slowly iron the mountain side;
And the enumer air that breathes
Softly through the crimson haves,
Strays smid her flowing half—
Whispering in a voice of prayer,
*Earto is dark, but Heaven is fair;

Sofily through the crussing solution in the beautiful summer's day was drawing to a close. The fiery wheels of the day god's swiftly flying chariot sped onward and d wnward, till nothing was left above the western horizon but a long golden streak of light, shedding a halo of glory around the tops of the lorest trees, smiling on the verdant land scapes encircling Hazel Vale, and stealing gently through the half closed casement of a tiny dwelling way down in the lovely valley.

The beautiful summer's day was drawing to a close. The fiery wheels of the day god's swiftly flying chariot sped onward and d wnward, till nothing was left above the western horizon but a long golden streak of light, shedding a halo of glory around the tops of the lorest trees, smiling on the verdant land scapes encircling Hazel Vale, and stealing gently through the half closed casement of a tiny dwelling way down in the lovely valley. The beautiful stream of the complete the pale, fair brow of a young dreaming—jes, day-and scome gin, and there's handsome gin, and mother's handsome gin, and there was the been exhibited, and after waltzes, polkas and ductts on the landsome rosewood piano, and songs in which their voices all blended in perfect harmony, they were quietly scated in a group near the open window. Helen was cagerly perusing a letter which had just been brought in to her, and eaded with exclamations of delight. "Oh! girls I am so glad. She is coming—she will be here day after to-morrow to stay such a nice long time. I to-morrow to stay such a nice long time. I will not be lonesome any more, and I shall here, oh, so much!" the present, planning for the far off future, dreading, yet hoping, but dreaming, dreaming still. Dream on, Mabel, and may you not

value to find dim twilight gathering around wake to find dim twilight gathering around yoo, the sunlight all gone, and sorrow hanging in gloomy night-clouds from your sky.

Why does pretty Mabel Hazelet, the young mistress of that fairy-like home, of charming Hazel Vale, sit there so long in the twilight, regardless of the gathering night shades, and the cool breath that delicately fans her cheek?

With her head reglining around the cool of the pathering night shades, and the cool breath that delicately fans her cheek?

With he head reglining around and long around the plant of the cool of the pathering around the plant of the pathering around and the cool of the pathering around the plant of the pathering around the pathering around the plant of the pathering around the window, the long braids of her raven-hued hair drooping over her fair neck, and twining round her white arms, and her dark eyes gazing upward, her whole soul seems speaking through those lustrous orbs, through that pale, intellectual countenance, stamped with the insignia of genius, and there we read of solitude and suffering. Her every thought seemed centered on one star, the one she had ever loved to sit and gaze upon. Night after night it came from out the dark blue ether, and took its wonted place amid myriads of other diamond-like once around, and day after day Mabel hoarded up all the saddest and gweetest thoughts to brood over at nightfall, her other brothers and sisters. Papa lis

might it came from out the dark blue ether, and took its wonted place and myriads of other diamond-like once around, and day after day Mahel hearded up all the saddest and sweetest thoughts to brood over at nightfall, when that wildly beaming star, like a guardian angel, spread a calm and holy peace in her heart. But now, well might she gaze and long too, for she had food for contemplation. With brothers and sixters she had frolicked in innocent childhood, with no thought or care for the morrow; for there was a loving mother to watch over them, and a kind, indulgent father to care for them.—Alas! when the destroyer bade, the strong man could but obey. The mother's kind tones were hushed in death. Baby Minnie needed her mamma, and she went to join her; and thus, one by one, as the circle grew less round the hearthstone, another green mound with its marble adornings found a place in the quiet hand the hearthstone, another green mound with its marble adornings found a place in the quiet hand with a day of the married and wint and witty, and one of these days when he asks me, I intend to say 'yes,' but until then I intend to enjoy myselt first, as often as I saw when she asks me, I intend to say 'yes,' but until then I intend to enjoy myselt first, as often as I saw when she asks me, I intend to say 'yes,' but until then I intend to enjoy myselt first, as often as I saw. He was piqued at my allowing Mr. Edwards to be my escort twice, when he vain fellow, started from home with the same express intention. I vowed vengeance when a worthier rival than Mr. Edwards should appear, and the sooner Mr. Charles Ashton can be relieved of the 'green eyed monster,' the better. Just such an illustrious personage were hushed in death. Baby Minnie needed her mamma, and she went to join her; and thus, one by one, as the circle grew less round the hearthstone, another green mound with its marble adornings found a place in the quie.

"Say that again at your peril, mae belied town, it is harded to the soft, in the shade of his marbile family burying ground; Mabel had one less on earth to love; the midnight lamp had one more grave to shine upon, till at last five lonely beds were numbered in the graveyard, while brow of plain Fannie Felton.

While brow of plain Fannie Felton. and Mabel was left alone. Homes were offered her by those who would gladly have taken and cared for the orphan one, but she taken and excel for the orphan one, but she would not go. Her maiden aunt kindly took upon herself the household duties, and Mabel repaid her affectionate care with deep gratitude. She would have been content to have healt exist the household duties and mabel of your peace?"

"As you will, Bell Landon; but be careful that I may not have to give in 'flattery' and hold your peace?" dwelt amid the lonely scenes in that quiet vale, in sight of the consecrated spot where her loved ones were sleeping, but she had now an aim in view. She must be more worthy to live, that she might be more worthy to die. In this world there is much to de, though fired every emotion of her soul; she would gladly "dare all," could she but "attain all." One summer evening, on the four-teenth anniversary of her birthday, as she

he was no stranger.
"Excuse my intrusion; I thought it an unfrequented spot. But why are you here, and alone, my little girl? Will you tell me the story of the departed ones," and seating him-self beside her on the soft grass, he heard from Mabel's lips her tife-story. His kind from Mabel's lips her tile-story. His kind words would quickly have won a heart less warm than Mabel's; no wonder, then, that she confided in the noble stranger. Many times during the summer she saw him; whole hours they spent in reading and talking to-gether, for Mabel was wise far beyond her years, and his was a mind well stored with learning. She would listen sometimes to him as if spell-bound—dwell on his soul-thrilling sentiments that pointed her to high and holy aspirations, till in his words she forgot the He it was who had aroused in her such a thirst for knowledge, and on many an au-tumn evening, after he had been called away from his pleasant summer retreat, perhaps never again to revisit Hazel Vale. Mubel sat and gazed at her star, peopling it, as of old, with creatures of her own imagination, and wishing, striving, praying to be more like him, the good and gifted. Oh! how clearly the words he uttered at parting, as he held her hand in both of his, still rang in her car as incentives to higher attainments; and on this, the last night to be spent in her home for many a long day to come, she repeated them aloud, slowly and meditatively, gatherthem alous, slowly and mentatively, gather-ing new thoughts with every word that was wafted off on the fragrant breath of evening, to be retraced indellibly on her soul, "For your own sake, Mabel, be what God intended

The pleasant breeze lulled her. The deep fringed eyebrows drooped heavily, since she had done watching the star that had moved on from its place above the white tomb. Deep, tiny hands in the open window, and the bein night-breath stole a good-night kiss, for Mabel crim

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY in one of our thriving country towns. Hein one of our thriving country towns. Helen's education was not completed, but she bid fair to become in every respect an accomplished young lady. Not accomplished as some in the present "fast age" consider it—a young lady just returned from boarding school, decked gaudily in feathers and flounces, with a considerable quantity of "small talk," made less intelligible by a mixture of French and Italian—a tolerable knowledge of music and Italian-a tolerable knowledge of a which, by the way, she knows a good deal which, by the way, she knows a good dear more about than English—any quantity of affectation, and altogether an accomplished firt. No, not such, but a sensible and re-fined lady, polite and easy in her manners, agreeable in conversation, and with pleasant smiles and kind words to extend beyond the

sphere of the ball room.
On the same evening that Mabel Hazelet on the same evening that Mabel Hazelet sat in solitude thinking sadly of relinquishing the lovely scenes of her quiet vale for a dis-tant home out in the busy world, Helen Carleton was seated in a crimson covered Carleton was sealed in a crimson covered rocking chair, in her father's drawing room, surrounded by several of her most intimate acquaintances. It was her fifteenth birthday, but had been spent quietly, with the exception of those few friends passing the evening with her. Their gifts, prompted by loving hearts, had been affectionately received. Her mother's handsome gift, and the magnificently bound volumes presented by her father, had been exhibited, and after waltzes, polkas and duetts on the handsome rosewood piano.

will not be lonesome any more, and I shall love her, oh, so much!" and the enthansiestic girl fairly bounded from her seat in the midst of velvet cushions.

"Love whom ?' queried half a dozen voices

With her head reclining against the open window, the long braids of her raven-hued hair drooping over her fair neck, and twining round her white arms, and her dark eyes far away in lovely Hazel Vale, and comoses

"Helen, I have been sitting here watching you, as you have been bestowing encomiums

to die. In this world there is much to de, and how could she well perform her part without more knowledge? Knowledge! the very hold out to them, till numbered among your admirers; for I fear you will be just a little

teenth anniversary of her birthday, as she at with her head bowed down in the midst of the moss-covered mounds—for inexorable Time had left its traces there as on all earthly black eyes will enchain many a nobe heart. Though a little wilful, it may be easily overlooked in your gentle, affectionate and loving disposition, and happy indeed he will be who succeds in winning your best afobjects—she heard a low voice at her side, and raising her eyes they fell on the form of an unknown gentleman, though from that hour

After the little party had dispersed, Helen sat and thought of her cousin Mabel's com-ing, then exclaimed half aloud, "Oh, I wish Charlie were here. He is always glad when anything pleases me, and I would tell him how delighted I am, that as he is a dear brother to me, so will she be a loved sister. When he would laugh one of his cheerful, hearty laughs, that he always does when call him 'dear,' and that nobody else but Charlie, can laugh and say 'I will love Mabel for your sake Helen!"

"Charlie Ashton had indeed been almost a brother to Helen Carleton, Their fathers were firm friends; they lived quite near together, and thus from childhood theirs had been one uninterrupted course of intimacy. After childish sports were laid aside, Charlie was whenever she chose to walk or ride, and until he left home for college they were almost constantly in each others society oftentimes pursuing the same studies togeth er, and Helen, a year before, had wept on parting with him as if instead of a few years they were to be separated forever. But she told him smilingly through her tears, that it was because he would come back such a grown man, so learned and wise, and she always should be afraid of such moart men.

CHAPTER III.

For the brief period of three years permit me to throw a light bridge across the gulf of time of time, and again present to you Hel-en Carleton and Mabel Hazelet. It is their last session to be spent at school, and they have made good use of their time. The in-tervening months have brought to them but few outward changes. Helen is the same light hearted girl, petted and caressed by her solemn silence pervaded the whole, and lower light hearted girl, petted and caressed by her the head with its dark braids drooped, till school mates, flattered by the many visitors bending over the white arms it rested on the at her father's house, and in great danger of being spoiled, were it not for a certain dis criminating power, flowing along with an under current of feeling, unlike the light surface which has often to be called into re-CHAPTER II.

Helen Carleton was decidedly the prettiest girl, and her father one of the wealthiest men,

since she took up her residence with her un-cle. Her aunt and uncle are both very kind; her cousin Helen loves her devotedly, and at school though not caressed and flattered as Helen, she is beloved by many fond true hearts who feel deeply for the silent, unobtrusive girl. Her teachers are proud of the progress she has made, but they dare not wound her sensitive nature by comparation. wound her sensitive nature by open praise; yet she feels and knows they approve of her yet she feels and knows they approve of her course, and in attempting much, values the task as light that can bring so rich a reward. In appearance there has been more change than in her cousin. The form so delicately moulded has lost none of its symmetry in expanding more fully. The cheek is less pale, but purer and whiter still; the dark eye is cloquent with deep feeling, and the heavy braids have been gathered up and round her high, pure brow, giving to her petite figure quite a dignified air.

One morning as the two circle walled slow.

One morning as the two girls walked slow-ly on to the Seminary in the opposite part of the town, Helen broke the silence by ex-claiming—" Mabel, love, I am so glad school will close next week, are not you? Of course will be so charming to be for once free, free as the unfettered Gazelle."

"You will be entering, my cousin, a school of sterner realities, with lessons to learn transcribed in living characters on the pages

How seriously you talk, Mabel, just as if a were not about to come out a 'young

shall hear; don't be shocked at my mad caprice either, for I only want to have a little fun and teach Mr. Charlie Ashton a lesson." They had not been noticed as they proceeded up the gravel walk by the girls who sat with their books in han in groups on the piazza, and turning aside they directed their steps to Rose Arbor, a quiet retreat quite overgrown with vines, which they found un-occupied

occupied.

"Now, Mabel, in the first place, you know that I love Charlie Ashton, and you are aware too, that he loves me. Charlie is handsome and witty, and one of these days is handsome and witty, and one of these days is handsome. until Miss Helen Carleton comes innocently along to storm his castle, in order to teach Mr. Charlie Ashton that 'he who loves must tremble too.'"

Just then the bell rang for study hours,

and Mabel had not time to reply, but she knew that though Helen spoke thus lightly, she had a true and loving heart. Helen Carleton never dreamed that Char-lie Ashton could love her less. She had not learned that "human love is harder to keep hear wire"

Helen and the distinguished stranger met, and of course she was delighted, as she had ade up her mind before to be; and he certally was captivated by her artless, winning was, her beauty and her talented mind.— Tough ever extremely polite and attentive hwas very reserved, and as Helen told Mabe cold as ice berg perhaps from his visit in forgn climes, and she was determined to the him. Charlie was still a frequent vis-itort Mr. Carleton's, and as he often found Hele out, or entertaining company in the drawing room, he would seek the library, always are of finding an entertaining com-paniothere, for though Mabel shunned so-ciety Irself, yet she had brilliant powers of convention and would have been an ornament trashionable society had she deigned to turn er attention thither. She saw that Charlie as grieved, though he never spoke to her officien, and Helen was growing equally sent with regard to the part she was playing, phaps, too, she was tired of act-ing, for helaugh was not joyous as of old, but she havesolved, and whatever it cost she would congr. A word from Charlie might have set ever thing right, but he was too proud to sucwhen he could see nothing to seek forgivers for.

6 BE CONTINUED

'or the Spirit of the Age. less of nature, rom her ebon throne, has spread out her ctains and invites the sons

I am now thinking of y friends—friends on earth and friends in Hyen. Many sweet faces that once shone with eliving light of when I attempt to speak them, the mortal paleness that steal: upon t features, indicates but too plainly that ty now live in the spirit world. Imaginan carries me back to the home of my childood; and the juvenile friendships and as intions then formed, arouse my alugglis spirit, and I seem to be a child again. Cor those haleyon days of youthful sports and imnocent pleasures! Gladly would I li those days over again, that I might enjoyonce more those sweet associations of the st, and correct the errors of my youthful li But they are gone—gone, never to rep! Sad thought! But sadder still to thi that for

be "dreadfully dignified," but to her friends | all I have said or done, I must account to God. she is childlike and loving as ever.

Sorrow has dealt but lightly with Mabel think of friends in Heaven! How pleasant to think too of those on earth we love with equal warmth. And, my dear Editor, I am thinking of one whom I love as David did Uninking of one whom I love as David did Jonathan, with pure and fervent love. When I remember his toils for the sons of the good old North State; how he is spending his strength and substance to free her sons from the curse of the rum god, my soul cleaveth fast unto him. And should the foul and hellish tongue of hate and slander be raised against him, to rob him of his justly won laurels, swift he weafforts associated to deal to the deal. laurels, swift be my efforts to recoil the dead-ly serpent around the necks of his foes, until his fangs of hellish bate are purged of all their fiery venom, and the balin of human kindness hath healed his bloody wounds.

For the Spirit of the Age. lake the second of the second

in recommending it in our Division, and I hope to succeed in sending you a club in a few weeks. We have some worthy brothers in Cherokee, Georgia, who are laboring to dispel the gloom that is resting on our beloved country. We hope to succeed in freeing our land from the growing evil of intemperance. May the time not be far distant when our desires shall

"O, shall that voice of walling come, From mountain hill and plain, And pleas for many a blighted home, But sadly plead in vain?"

But sady plead in vain?"

Oh, may it never come; but we may be able to extend the helping hand, and be faithful and true ourselves, so that our banner will ever wave in triumph until the conflict is over. And may the star of Temperance, which rose amid storms and perils, like the prophet's cloud of old, continue to grow larger and still larger, until refreshing streams of pure cold water shall quench the fires of every distillery, and present the world redeemed from the galling chain of intemperance, and the Sun of Temperance dispel its dark night forever.

ery and disgrace, and cause them to turn.

It has been ten years ago since I removed

with my father's family from Chatham county, N. C., to Georgia; and while writing these lines I feel like I was writing to my old friends at home. I am proud to say that the Old North State was once my home. May it ever continue to improve in religion and temperance until it shall become the brightest star in the galaxy of our Union.

Your friend in Temperance, WILLIAM R. COLE.

For the Spirit of the Age. Agricultural Pursuits.

An able writer on biography, remarks that all great and good minds seem to delight in agricultural pursuits. We are inclined to admit the truth of such an observation; but perhaps it is a difficult task to advance a very satisfactory or philosophical explananal world that surround us in the retirement of a farm, exerts, no doubt, a happy influ ence over all our thoughts, thus conducing in no little degree to serious reflections. Th blooming flowers— the mosic of the birds— the myriads of insects sporting in the air, amid the golden rays of the sun—are well calculated to extract a sentiment of piety," even from the unregenerate soul, and to ex-cite in the christian the most holy emotion. In proof of this position, we may quote the authority of the most sacred writers, and even our Savior himself. In that part of the admirable Sermon on the Mount, where the disciples are warned against covetousness, h they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Sol omon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Every star that glitters in the unmeasured immensity of space, detach-es as from the world, and in the splendid or the Spirit of the Age.

Mr. Editor: It is night. The sable Godess of nature, com her ebon throne, has pread out her ctains and invites the sons pious Psalmist, in the fullness of his heart and daughters of prow to repose themselves awhile in the has of Morpheus. I am alone in my sancty. A death-like stillness reigns monarch of a night. Nothing is to be heard, except a greatly of the repose themselves of the son of man that thou art minds to the son of man that thou should st deign to visit him?" he was gazing with the rapture of a christian, and the ardour of a e heard, except e crackling of a flickerng candle, or the iso of my pen upon the
aper as I scribble tse lines for the Age.—
A beautiful star in e vicinity of the contheir soft cheering rays to earth, presenting

A beautiful star in e vicinity of the constellation Gemini, pes in at my window and smiles so sweetly son me, that my mind is carried up to that biful world, where all the good "shall shings the brightness of the firmament, and the that have turned many to righteousness, the stars forever and ever."

I am now thinking of y friends—friends on earth and friends in Harn. Many capact on earth and friends in Hyen. Many sweet
faces that once shone witthe living light of
true and unmistakable jendship, shine
forth now from fancy shall only. And
when I attempt to speak them, the mortal
en, enchanted by the novelty of the scenes

scapes presenting the varied beauties of the flood, field and forest, is a dull, prosaic, un-romantic spot, compared with the first abode of man, encompassed, as it undoubtedly was, with all possible charms and inconceivable

But the period of perfection was transitory. Adam soon fell from his high estate, satan, with infernal cunning having devised the method of his destruction. He was then driven forth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Thorns, thistles and noxious was the same and the same are same are same and the same are same and the same are same are same and the same are same are same and the same are same and the same are same ar weeds sprang up, making his labors mani-fold and troublesome. But though we live in a fallen world, a fact established not only by the Bible, but by arguments drawn from natural things, as for instance the difficulty of providing and rearing everything of high excellence, still our purest pleasures are deriv-

excelence, still our purest pleasures are deriv-ed from Agricultural pursuits.

Roscoe, an accomplished gentleman and profound scholar, says, "If I was asked whom I consider the happiest and best of the human race, I should answer, those who cul-fixate the earth with their ewn hands."— We shall not attempt to analize the rationale, or to divine the cause. Suffice it to say, that in the retirement of the farm, far removed from the hurry and bustle of city life, and from its numerous temptations and mis-deeds, we are more disposed to "look through nature up to nature's god." "God made the country, man makes the town."

country, man makes the town."

Some of the best and wisest men of every age, have delighted in the cultivation of the soil. The King of Judah loved husbandry. His possessions embraced a large extent of land in the low country and the plains.—Elisha, when found by Elijah, was busily ingaged in ploughing oxen. The language of the wife, in the Songs of Solomon, is in favor of rural happiness: "Come my beloved," says she, "let us lodge in the villages; let us get up early to the vineyard; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates put forth." She was desirous of flying from the din and tumult of cities, for the sight of men divided her attention from home.

The Roman history presents the names of many of her most eminent sons, who contributed by their writings.

her attention from home.

The Roman history presents the names of many of her most eminent sons, who contributed by their writings and experiments to the advancement of this noble art or science. Virgil, who was so ambitious of immortality that he composed every line in his beautiful productions slowly and with the utmost care, condescends to give us in his Georgies much information in regard to the mode of tillage practiced by his countrymen. Among others distinguished by their literary attainments and pure patriotism, stands the name of the great Cato, who has handed down to us many principles, the observance of which will insure success in the cultivation of plants. Q. Cincinnatus, when called upon by the proud embassy sent from the Roman Senate, to preside over the destinies of the nation in the capacity of absolute Dictator, was found "industriously labouring" with his own hands on a small field of a few acres. After a splendid victory, which saved his country, he retires to his little patrimonial estate, without receiving a cent of the valuable spoils of war; satisfied with the consciousness of having performed his duty. It is said to be a fact, that in the palimiest days of this great commonwealth, "when they praised a good man, they called him an Agricultorist and a good husbandman; he was thought to be very greatly honored who was thus praised." Indeed, such was their devotion to this important art, that some of their noblest families were named after vegetables, in the cultivation of which their ancestors excelled. In were named after vegetables, in the cultiva-tion of which their ancestors excelled. In the prolific weakness of superstition, they even conjured up numerous deities, to pre-

even conjured up numerous deities, to preside over their crops in every stage of growth, from the time of sowing till that of reaping. The polished and discerning Greeka, were no less devoted to agricultural pursuits than were their neighbors, the Romans. Some of their greatest heroes, whose names are connected in glowing colors with the brilliant achievements of the Trojan war, aided with their own hands in the operations of the farm. According to Homer, the father of the mighty Ulysses was among this number. Come we up to modern times, to our own fine country, and we shall find facts in connection with the history of great men; tending to establish the correctness of the proposition with which we started. The domestic details of our own beloved Washington, tell us of his early rising, before the lark was up—the visit to the stables, always occupied by stock of superior blood—the ride over his extensive possessions, from breakfast till dinner, which took place precisely at the hour of three. Thus after leading his country through the roar of the revolution, then filling the highest office in the gift of his fellow citizens, with his brow wreathed with low citizens, with his brow wreathed with laurels, he retires to the shades of his own dear Vernon, and in the language of Hale, "acquires the reputation of being one of the most industrious and intelligent Agricultu-

rists of his country."

Macon, of this State, distinguished alike

Macon, of this State, distinguished and for high intellectual endowments, simplicity of manners and pure, unsullied patriotism, was passionately fond of agriculture.

To multiply examples is needless. If philanthropic plans, benevolent enterprises and liberal sacrifices made for the interest of the control of the contro mankind, rather than that of individuals or parties, constitutes the greatness of great men, then may we truly rank the Agricul-turist among the most prominent and unsel-fish, moral and political heroes of the world. They have ever been the first to leave the plough in the furrow, the cheerful fire-side which they so dearly loved, and as a brave band of volunteers nobly contend for the po-litical and religious foundation of this coun-try. They have ever been among the first to enter the almost impenetrable forest, in order to make it a land flowing with milk and honto make it a land flowing with milk and hon-ey, to them who should possess their dear-bought heritage. Daniel Boone, the first settler in Kentuck, when he left his happy home and femily a wid the coircle hills of our settler in Kentucky, when he left his happy home and family, amid the quiet hills of our own Carolina, was influenced, not by a love of some rash undertaking, or bold reckless adventure, but by a disinterested zeal for thrills of delight he experienced amidst wilderness wilds, surrounded by howling beasts and yelling, bloodthirsty savages. There you see one of Nature's Noblemen, loving his home, his family, himself—loving the wild scenes of nature, but above all Nature's Creator, and desiring to give all possible aid in making the world an Eden for unborn millions.

CATO.

If the deeds of my ancesters shall not live in story, their memories remain in the names of your lakes and rivers, your towns and cities, and will call up memories otherwise forgotten?

"Few eyes could hold their tears, as he poured forth in words like these the utternance of a full heart. Silence for a time prevailed after he sat down, when he arose and

Five Eras in a Maiden's Life-BY PROP. ALLEN M. SCOTT.

I first met Lucy B. in the village of F-I first met Lucy B. in the village of F—, whore she was attending a Female Seminary. She was then in her sixteenth year—young, fair and lovely. Her hair was as a black as the raven's glossy plume, and it fell in wavy ringlets upon her snowy neck and shoulders. Her eye seemed so bright that one would imagine no tear of sorrow could ever stain its heavenly blue. Lucy was happy then. Upon inquiry concerning her studies, she showed me her lesson in Philosophy, also in astronomy.

its heavenly blue. Lucy was happy then. Upon inquiry concerning her studies, she showed me her lesson in Philosophy, also in
astronomy.

Two years elapsed, and again I saw the
maiden. Her school-girl days were over,
and she had left the scadeuic shade forever.
I heard her hearty laugh as it rang through
the old Hall in her fathers's mansion; I saw
ther when she vied with the little sisters in
pursuing the painted butterfly, as it flitted
from flower to flower in the garden. Lucy
was happy. Smile on frail, happy one, there
is a dark future before thee. Smile on now
—by and by smiles must give place to tears
bitter anguish! But I anticipate.

Two annual circuits more had our globe
made round her central sun, when I again
saw Lucy. The days of love had come! At
her father's house in a rishly furnished parlor, in the midst of cherished friends before
the man of God, she murmured with white
lips, a vow as lasting as life itself, and gave
away her yielding heart to him who was the
idol of her life. She hoped for long years
of wedded love, and still she was happy.

Two years more were numbered with the
past, and I again saw Lucy. She was in her
own house. Wealth poured upon her its
abundant stores—servants slood around to
execute her every wish—her husband was
all that is implied in that endearing term
—her beautiful boy was just learning to lisp
her name—her home was still girdled around
with love and affection Lucy was still happy.

Long years now elapsed! My adventurous footstep had borne me far towards the
setting sun. Event had followed event—circunstance had crowded upon circumstance—
until I had well nigh forgotten Lucy, the
lovely maiden of other days. Returning
through a portion of the country but sparsely settled, one cloudy evening, I lost my way
on the slope of a mountain, and night overtook me. I wandered for hours in the wild
woods, over rugged rocks, and fallen trees,
and briars, and brambles, when weary with
travel and hunger, in despair of reaching haman habitation, I was preparing to naught was left to her but her busband and this poor child, that was moning, and, in the delirium of fever, calling for its father; but it called in vain! The father was not there! He was drunk at a neighboring grocery! The wine cup had estranged him from home and all its enchantments. He was a sot—a very brute. He had beggared his fond wife, broken her heart, and covered

her with rags! Lucy was a drunkard's wife!

Before the sweet birds began to sing the advent of morning, I assisted her to close the eyes of her last child, and, at an early the eyes of her last child, and, at an early hour, on the next day, sought out a few neighbors, and with their aid a rude grave was prepared, and Lucy's babe was interred upon the brink of a little stream. Soon af-ter, Lucy herself was placed by its side, and now after life's pilgrimage is over, she rests in silence, and sleeps in unbroken peace far away in a western forest; A diunkard's wife! Fearful words! Reader, art thou a young lady? Consider well the import of this term, before you consent to wed a tippler. Think of poor Lucy's fate, and may a happier lot be thine!

Masonic Speech of an Indian.

At a Masonic banquet given in Chicago Ill., lately, Ely S. Parker, a chief of the Sioux Nations, and a practising lawyer of Galena Ill., delivered a speech, which is thus spoken of in an article published in the Masonic Journal:
"One speech of the evening, as also an in

"One speech of the evening, as also an incident attending it, deserves more particular attention. It was that of Brother Sir Knight Parker, a grandson of Red Jacket and his successor as chief, but highly educated, and an eloquent speaker. I shall not attempt even an outline of his speech; for if reproduced, it should be with its charms of action and utterance, which very few white men could equal. He spoke of himself as almost a lone remnant of what was once a noble race, of his struggles in coming forward to manhood, and seeing his race disappearing as the dew before the morning sun. As he found his and seeing his race disappearing as the dew before the morning sun. As he found his race thus waning away, he saked himself, Where shall I go when the last of my race shall have gone forever? Where shall I find home and sympathy when our last council-fire is extinguished?"

"I said I will knock at the door of Masonry, and see if the white race will recognize me,

settler in Kentucky, when he left his happy home and family, amid the quiet hills of our own Carolina, was influenced, not by a love of some rash undertaking, or bold reckless adventure, but by a disinterested zeal for mankind, which prompted him to make the first effort to convert the western wilderness into an Eden for future generations. He was an ardent admirer of nature. Her mild aylvan scenes filled him with rapturous transports. When encamped in view of the beautiful Ohio, and the distant mountains, piering the very clouds with their rugged summits, in view of boundless plains and trackless forests, every melancholy thought occasioned by his absence from home was entireded city, with its marble palaces and stately structures, wealth, beauty and fashion, were to him dull and insipid, compared with the thrills of delight he experienced amidst wilderness wilds, surrounded by howling beasts and yelling, bloodthirsty savages. There

said: "I have in my possession a memento-which I highly prife; I wear it near my heart. It came from my ancestors to me as their successor in office. It west a present from Washington to my grandfather, Red Jacket, when your nation was in its infancy. You will be glad to see and handle it, and I should do wrong were I not to give you the opportunity." As he spoke thus he removed the wampum from his neck, and drew from his bosom a large massive medal, in oval form, some seven inches by five, and it passed from hand to hand along the tables. On one side of this medal were engraved, in full length, the figures of two chiefs; Red Jacket in costume, presenting the jtipe of peace, and Washington with right hand extended as in the act of receiving it. On the other side were the masonic emblems, with the date 1792, if my memory is correct."

Living Pictures.

Intemperance is one of the worst evils that ever cursed a nation. All other vices, taken in the abstract, are nought to compare with it. Let a sturdy mechanic whose family subsists by his daily labor, take to tippling and apending twenty or thirty cents each day at the Grocery, and the future course of that man may be easily predicted. His habit will so grow upon him that he will take home a bottle of liquor each night, frequently in the place of provisions for his family. By and by, he becomes a habitual drunkard, and in a few years the green grass grows upon his grave!

Those in higher life are generally more moderate in their drinking. They dripk purer liquor, imbibe first from habit, then from sociability, and when you see them slipping through stores and unfrequented alleys to get in at the back door, you may know that they are getting to love liquor too well to be trusted with it in the dark. They generally take enormous drinks of the pure brandy or fine whiskey, and count the hours, the slow moving hoors, with anxiety that must clapse between drinks. They must then tatch up an axease for going into the grocery, as in a village a man is watched closely in all his movements. Have you seen Ralph Longworth? says Bob Short. "I have not." answered a by stander. "I expect he is at McD miss's grocery, and I shall go there to see him, he promised to pay me some money this morning and I must have it." So, in goes Rob, in quest of Ralph, who has not been in the village for several days. Bob is very happy in finding the coast clear, and takes two drinks and makes his exit at the back door, as he hears the voice of his uncle calling to him from the front attreet.

Another class of young men who are too prudent to go into groces ies in the day time make it convenient to meet in the back room of Longbottle's law office. Now, Longbottle is on of the cleverest fellows in town. He is the only son of a wealthy father and practices law merely for a past time. But the way he love good Monongahela and Otard, is no bedy business but black John's who brings in the willow-covered demijohn, filled with the over joyful, every time Mr. Longbottle series on his order to Dick Turner's grocery. All the young bucks about town know how to gain access to his office by a side door, and when the are fairly assembled Bill Handy is stationed a the door to be a sort of tiler for them, will the promise of the leavings of the feast. fiddle is brought out and Longbottle discourses some of the sweet music, which the
brandy has incllowed into "linked sweetness
long drawn cait," and all the boys' feet are
set in motion. Whether they all slept with
Longworth, or not, we have often seen six of
them leaving his office in the morning, not
forgetting Bill Handy, who was hard to move
from his place by the door, long after the
bells had rung for breakfast.

Drinking becomes so fashionable in some
small towns, that the most respectable of the
citizens are not ashamed of imbibling, whenever it is convenient. Members of the Church,
sturdy farmers, physicians, lawyers and merchants, will often walk in and arrange themsolves along the counter and call out to Uncle

ever it is convenient. Members of the Currer, sturdy farmers, physicians, lawyers and merchants, will often walk in and arrange themselves along the counter and call out to Uncle Dick Turner to give them some of the best liquor in the house. Of course, Uncle Dick obeys in double quick time, and in order to keep the crowd in his Grocery, he has been known to treat to several bottles of champagae. Uncle Dick, after getting the good townsmen nearly drunk, would often bring out some raffle, and upon more occasions that one, Joe Ligion, a member of Hethel Church, took a chance and won the 'orize'. What Church do you belong to, Joe? said Blankbook, as he planked up another dollar to fill the pot. 'I belong to Bothel, but, boys, don't tell upon me, for God's sake, I would not have brother Dennis to know it for fifty dollars.' These are only a few of the many scenes one may witness every day in the year in a village. They become so frequent that they cease to be wondered at. Some of our readers will recognize the scenes, as they are not unnatural nor overwrought.

LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY. Leans the Value of Mosket. A siver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it cost, or what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime, for a top, or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn his dimes and dollars by the swent of brow, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a great sum of money. A thousand by experience that a hundred dollars represents a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is flemost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has curned a dollar, he thinks twice before he special, the wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy, to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without, is almost peritably thrown away. With it and a little capital to start on, he will make his own for time far better than any one can make it for him.

A man who has a soul worth A man who has a soul worth a six-pence, must havelenemics. It is utility im-possible for the best of men to please the world, and the sooner this is understood and a position taken in view of the fact; the best ter. Do right, though you have enemist— You cannot escape them by doing wrong, and it is little gain to barter away your tenes and integrity, and to divest yourself of toors and integrity, and to divers way your-and integrity, and to divers the courage to gain—nothing. Better abi-the truth—frown down all opposition, rejoice in the feeling which must ins-free and independent man.

Lead me, O, Lord, in thy righteon less because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.